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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT PRESCOTT, A. T.,
November 8, 1884.
NOTICE is hereby given that the fol-
lowing named settler has filed notice of
his intention to make final proof in support
of his claim, and that said proof will be made
before the Register and Receiver of the
United States Land Office, at Prescott, Ariz-
ona, on the 15th day of December, 1884,
viz: Everett A. Chase, of Williams, Yavapai
county, Arizona Territory, for his declara-
tory statement, No. 1,417, for the southwest
fourth of section No. eight (8) in township
No. twenty (20) north, of range No. six (6)
east. He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon, and
cultivation of, said land, viz: Charles C.
Atcher, of Chander, Yavapai county, Ariz.;
Secondino Agudon, of Williams, Yavapai
county, Ariz.; E. H. Love, of Ash Fork,
Yavapai county, Ariz., and John Bialer, of
Williams, Yavapai county, Ariz.
THOMAS WING, Register.

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United States Land Office, at Prescott, Ariz-
ona, on the 15th day of December, 1884,
viz: John F. Scott, of Williams, Yavapai
county, Arizona Territory, for his declaratory
statement, No. 1,411, for the southwest quar-
ter of section No. twenty-eight (28) in town-
ship No. twenty-two (22) north, of range No.
two (2) east. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence
upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Jas.
M. Sanford, of Williams, Yavapai county,
Arizona Territory; Samuel M. Hall, of Chal-
cader, Yavapai county, Arizona Territory;
John C. Harris, of Williams, Yavapai county,
Arizona Territory; and John S. Lee, of Wil-
liams, Yavapai county, Ariz. Territory.
THOS. WING, Register.

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We propose to give the people of this region **GOOD LUMBER AT A LOW PRICE**, and quote the following prices, delivered free on board cars at Flagstaff, in lots of one or more car-loads, NET CASH:

First Clear,	\$35 00 per M.
Second Clear,	30 00 "
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First Common,	18 00 "
Second Common,	16 00 "
Mining Timber,	7 00 "
Culls,	10 00 "

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Second Clear Flooring,	32 50 "
First Common Flooring,	27 50 "
First Clear Rustic,	37 50 "
Second Clear Rustic,	32 50 "
First Common Rustic,	27 50 "
Clear Shingles,	4 50 "
No. 1,	3 50 "
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Special Offer to Miners, Ranchers and Others.

We have on hand from last year, two or three hundred thousand feet of COMMON BOARDS, assorted length and widths, sound and dry. We want to close it out, and in order to do so, have decided to offer it, just as it stands, at *Five Dollars a Thousand*, delivered on cars here; *Spot Cash*. Our yard is getting overcrowded; we want room, and have determined to make this sacrifice to get it.

Remember, this is not refuse or cull lumber. It is GOOD, COMMON LUMBER, and just the thing for Barns, Shedding, Sheathing, Fences, &c. There is no reason why fine-blooded stock should be compelled to endure the storms of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, when material for a comfortable shelter can be procured at this rate. For temporary (or permanent) housing works, sorting platforms, light lagging, &c., this lumber is just the thing you've been wanting. Something that would do, and wasn't too high-priced. Come and look it over if you can; you won't regret it.

This offer is to remain OPEN SIXTY DAYS or until the Colorado River Bridge is finished. After that you can save. We could not undertake to replace this lumber at anything like the figures named; so go for it if you want it. You'll not get such another chance till the next Centennial. We will sell the same lumber by the team load at TWELVE DOLLARS a thousand, in less than car-load lots. For lots of a car-load or over, and we don't care how you haul it, TEN DOLLARS GOES.

This isn't all the Lumber we have. Not by a jug-full. Not by millions of feet. We have it of all grades and at all prices, this year's cut *PLUMP THICKNESS*, and *BRIGHT* as the smile of your best girl. (Prices above.)

Our MINING TIMBER would do you good to see. You have a dead sure thing on selling your claim if your main shaft or incline is well timbered with our 10x12—and all paid for. No cave has ever occurred in a mine where our timbers were used.

Orders addressed to JNO. A. LEE & Co., Albuquerque, N. M.; CHAMBERLAIN, Kingman, Arizona; H. HUTTON, Los Angeles or to us here will receive prompt and careful attention.

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FLAGSTAFF ARIZONA.

Bob Ingersoll and the Scribe.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll took breakfast at the Union depot yesterday morning on his way to Washington from the west. When approached by a Post representative he said softly:

"Have you your conundrums written out?"

The Colonel believes that reporters are as liable to make mistakes as he alleges Moses was when he wrote the Pentateuch. To avoid errors he compels interviewers to write out the questions and he answers in writing underneath. The reporter wrote on the back of an envelope:

"What changes will Cleveland make in department positions?"

The Colonel read it, and wrote the following in Poysonian script on the back of a bill of fare:

"He will investigate the national edifice from the peak of the ridge-pole to the floor of the coal cellar. He will rout the army of sinecures that have been holding the parlor floors and letting the actual workers in the attic. Whether he finds the former few or many, that will be the extent of the change."

"Do you think Blaine will be a candidate in 1888," wrote the reporter on what was left of the envelope. The bill of fare again came back adorned as follows:

"It looks as though he was trimming his sails for any favorable breeze that might spring up about that period. Time enough has not elapsed since the election to determine whether Blaine, crushed to earth, can rise again. He will not show his hand until the new administration assumes a line of definite action," and the Colonel smiled as if in remembrance of his allusion to Blaine as being "spotless as a star." The envelope was then turned over on the address side, and the following query scratched down:

"You are probably acquainted with the future intentions of ex-Senator Dorsey. Do you think he will re-enter politics?"

The genial Robert read the inquiry and then tore the envelope up. He turned one glance on the interviewer as though he took him for Rerdel in disguise. Then pulling out a V, which had probably once nestled in Steve Dorsey's pocket, he paid his bill and entered the car. Those who witnessed the interview thought the participants were two deaf mutes exchanging courtesies.—Pittsburg Post.

The Squaw of Fact and Fancy.

The young lady who wore the costume of Pocahontas at the firemen's masquerade last Thursday evening, and in pink hosiery and kid slippers took the prize as the most realistically costumed lady present, may have been entitled to it in the minds of the judges, but popular opinion seems to think otherwise. At any rate she was not dressed like any Indian maiden we were ever intimate with. To those who are not familiar with the early days of this country the Indian maiden appears beautiful in her wild simplicity, wearing the fringed garments of her tribe, as she stands outlined against the glorious sky, dressed in a coronet of eagles' feathers and a red health corset trimmed with bead work. Shall we, then, with ruthless hand, chatter this beautiful picture which was represented so faithfully by the young lady the other evening? Shall we portray the real Indian maiden, as we have seen her in all her unpoetic nature, clothed in a pair of soldier trousers, a horse blanket, with a necklace of the false teeth of the pale-face, and her coarse, unkempt hair hanging over her smoky features and clinging to her warty, bony neck? No, no. Far be it from us to destroy the lovely vision of copper-colored grace and smoke-tanned beauty which the soft dude of the effete East has erected in the rose-hued chambers of fancy. Let her dwell there as the plump-limbed princess of a people. Let her adorn the dormer window of his memory, proud, beautiful, grand, gaudy and peculiar, as she was arrayed at last Thursday's masquerade. We will spare this ideal Indian maiden with a back comb and gold garters. Let her live in the memory of those who saw her the other evening, just as she was then, while the true Indian maiden eats the fricasseed locust of the plains and wears the plug hat of progress.—Canyon City (Nev.) Mercury.

The Copper Prince at Bisbee shut down on New Year's day. When it will resume work is not known.

A Prolific Woman.

"We will have to take a new census soon if this thing continues," remarked a Main street merchant to the Journal correspondent to-day.

"What's up now?" asked the latter.

"More new arrivals at Hugh Blair's," answered the merchant, as he turned to wait upon a customer.

Every man, woman and child in this city knew what the remark meant as soon as it was uttered. Hugh Blair is an iron-moulder and is employed in the Vulcan foundry of this city. He has a wife and a constantly-increasing family. Mr. Blair lives in a pretty little cottage on Alabama street. His wife is a native of this country, and is now but 26 years of age. The family consists of eleven children. About ten months ago Mrs. Blair became the happy mother of triplets—three bouncing boys. The father, who is not a rich man, was somewhat disheartened by the unexpected increase in the family, but he welcomed the little newcomers with Southern hospitality. Friends of the family helped them with gifts of clothing and tin-rattles, and Mr. Blair became resigned and even proud of his interesting progeny. The Governor of the state sent Mr. Blair \$15, as an old law allows \$5 for each triplet born in Tennessee.

When Mr. Blair returned home last evening an unwonted activity around the house aroused his curiosity. Several female neighbors ran in and out carrying bundles of clothing, bottles of soothing-syrup and other preparations of which the very young have a monopoly.

"The triplets must be sick," thought Mr. Blair, as he entered his home.

"Hush!" warned Mrs. Davis, who lives next door, as she raised her fingers warningly.

"What's the matter?" gasped Mr. Blair as a dreadful suspicion crossed his mind.

"Three more," said Mrs. Davis, in an exultant tone. "All girls, too." The astonished father fell over a trundle bed, in which several of the children were lying, and the uproar which followed was deafening. People in the vicinity thought a cat show had opened in the city, and the policeman on that beat complained that he was kept awake all night. Things quieted down along towards morning, and the Journal correspondent mustered courage to call at the Blair abode.

The scene inside resembled a baby show. Cradles of all makes and designs stood around the floor, and half the young girls in the neighborhood stood around holding a portion of the Blair family in their arms.

Mr. Blair had taken refuge in the cellar and refused to see any callers.

"The babies are all doing well, bless their little hearts," remarked Mrs. Davis as she held several of them up to the correspondent's view.

"Mr. Blair has already been called upon by a circus agent from Cincinnati, who wants to engage the family to travel, and he need not be frightened about this affair. The babies will get good treatment."

A friend of Mr. Blair, who came up from the cellar represented the gentleman as gradually becoming resigned to the inevitable. The father expresses a strong desire to know "when this thing is going to stop."

Friends of the family have already notified the governor that another \$15 is due. It is said that the governor will recommend the introduction of a bill in the legislature abolishing the gratuity. He is afraid that the small surplus now in the state treasury will soon be used up.—Chattanooga Letter to New York Journal.

Our Southern Arizona exchanges tell us of phenomenal weather there. The Tucson papers say that the old inhabitants are puzzled by it. Rain has poured and drizzled almost without cessation for a week, and the streets are almost impassable. The same state of the weather prevails all over the Territory. The mountains are covered with snow.

An engineering party, under Lieut. Bingham, have been surveying the eastern boundary of the White Mountain reservation, and changed the line so that it will take in a number of cattle ranches in Apache county. Military surveys don't establish boundaries, however, so we advise stockmen to hold on to their ranches.—Silver Belt.

Railroad Items.

The California Southern railroad is being built to Daggett.

The Southern Pacific railroad company charges exactly the same rates from Los Angeles to Tucson, Benson, and Wilcox; a difference in distance of nearly a hundred miles.

The delay of Colonel Eddy, who has been expected here for the past ten days to begin work on the A. M. B. railroad is accounted for by the Silver Belt in the following: "Col. J. W. Eddy has telegraphed that he will be unavoidably detained a week at his home, Aurora, Ill. He has been so intent on putting our railroad project on a sure footing, that his family has seen but little of him during the past year, and he is entitled to a short season of rest. The directors meeting will be called as soon as definite news of his coming is received."

A recent dispatch from San Bernardino, Cal., contained the statement that the California Southern had ordered an extension of its road to connect with the Atlantic & Pacific road at Daggett. This road will give the new transcontinental line, composed of the Atchison, 'Frisco and Atlantic & Pacific, an outlet to the Pacific at San Diego, which will be a good bond for the faithful observance by the Southern Pacific of its contract with them for connection with San Francisco. This is what gives chief value to the California Southern at present. But the development now going on in that part of the State is very great, hence there is reason for thinking that as a local road it will soon be doing a profitable business.

De Brazza, Stanley's chief annoyance in the Congo region, has been heard from again after a long and ominous silence. The impressive announcement is made from Paris that King Makako has vested De Brazza with the "order of the grand collar," which is "the highest distinction of the country." This is important news, and it is painful to be left with so little information regarding a subject of so much interest. Has De Brazza then, taken from Makako the only collar in his kingdom, and is it a linen or a paper one? Is it a more cherished decoration than the shirt, because by some chance there are two shirts in the country? Or, if shirts are unknown there, as is popularly supposed, what are the minor order of knighthood, and what are the ceremonies attending them? The subject is, in fact, calculated to inspire infinite speculation, and the world should no longer be kept in ignorance. Meanwhile M. De Brazza must be credited with having wholly circumvented Stanley and established beyond dispute the justice of France's claim to the Congo country. The Conference must yield the point when it reassembles next month. It would be stupidity to hesitate between the claims of the brilliant discoverer and a man who has spent years in the Congo basin without ever having found a collar there.

Large numbers of genuine bronze curlew frequent the marshes along the Colorado river. It is an aquatic bird of the genus numerous, and is of the same family with the woodchuck and sandpiper. The largest of the species spread more than three feet of wing. They are often brought into town by Indian sportsmen and make splendid eating. This species of the curlew is rare in California and commands a good price in San Francisco market. Taxidermists prize them very highly because of their rarity and plumage, and a stuffed specimen is worth five dollars. Here is a chance for Arizona sportsmen to make a speck.

Governor Tittle has received a set of photographs of all the Apache chieftains prominent in frontier warfare during the last quarter of the century. Cayetano, Victorio, El Chiz, and cut-throats of less magnitude are represented in this strange gallery of murderous marauders, and in a study of their features a physiognomist's skill is not needed to read brutality, cunning, firmness and courage.

Owing to inability to produce coke, the Copper Queen smelter is still shut down, which throws about half the force out of employment. About a hundred men are still engaged in prospecting.

An Infamous Document.

The association of Arizona Pioneers were recently in receipt of a proclamation by Gen. James H. Carlton oppressing citizens of Arizona during the late rebellion. It is a singular document when viewed in the light of the fact that President Lincoln excepted Arizona from the category of the rebellious districts, but, notwithstanding, Carlton declared the Territory under martial law, thus overriding civil law (so, too, in New Mexico, in a letter to Governor Henry Connely—at a time when military courts were adjudicating in civil cases between citizens) he denied that martial law existed. He imprisoned Judge J. G. Knapp and suspended him by the wrists to a beam in the guard house, in Santa Fe, for refusing to recognize him as supreme authority.—Silver Belt.

Very Strange.

It is a notable and well-nigh incredible fact that President Arthur has never visited the state, war and navy department building. It is within half a square of the White House. It is the first which meets his eye as he looks from the west window of his bedroom. President Arthur is not the only president who has neglected to acquaint himself with the departments. It has been a long time since there was in the White House a man who has taken any trouble to visit the departments, and study, even in general a way, the practical working of the departmental machinery. Our latter presidents have not even thought fit to be personally acquainted with many of the most important and responsible administrative officers. They have looked upon it as undignified.

The Rocky Mountain Mining Review has the following good words for Arizona: Work is progressing satisfactorily upon the mines of Arizona. While the Territory has not at present what is ordinarily called a boom, it has what is far better—a general and healthy prosperity. Capital is going in, not with a rush, but gradually and after careful investigation; and satisfaction is expressed by those who have made investments there, as well as those who have examined into the mineral resources of the Territory. Arizona is in a condition now where her permanent prosperity is assured, provided her leading mining men act wisely and honestly.

Contests promise to be a prolific source of waste of valuable time in the next Legislative Assembly. In addition to the Wardwell-Nash controversy in Cochise, the Weedon contest in Pinal, Yavapai will submit for the arbitration of that body, the rival claims of John A. Rush and W. G. Stewart to a seat in the Council. C. T. Redden and S. C. Miller, candidates on the Democratic ticket, it is claimed will also try Messrs. Robinson and Nash a title to their seat in the House, should the East Verde precinct be thrown out. While on the other hand the Republican allege that J. A. Brown, a Democrat, to whom a certificate of election was given, has never been legally naturalized, and cannot therefore take his seat in the Assembly.

Johnny Dobbs, of Tucson, the young man who so bravely fought the Apaches in 1874 while carrying the mails, and was filled so full of arrows that both of his arms are useless and parts of his body paralyzed, is a candidate for a position in the legislature. Johnny is a brave boy, went through the rebellion as a union soldier when but a mere lad, and deserves the favors of our Territorial solons. He is a member of the G. A. R. and a pioneer in Arizona.—Epitaph.

The Tombstone Epitaph facetiously remarks: Tucson can build more railroad depots, water-tanks, and water-stations in the air than any town in the territory—except, perhaps, Phenix. The Tucson papers every day build a railroad to Calabasas, but the people do not wake up in time to get a glimpse of the construction.

The railroad companies are laying off men all over the coast. A large number was recently discharged from the Southern Pacific at Los Angeles.

The unfortunate termination of General Grant's financial transactions has said to have completely broken the health of the old soldier.